

WHY IT WAS NECESSARY

Continued from First Page.

destroying the police and militia, who were derided as their special champions. The period of confusion developing from the mammoth strikes of the first of May, 1886, was definitely announced months before the time when the fearful bolt should fall. Pitiess as was this programme and difficult as a belief in that it ever was contemplated by men, the facts as stated were abundantly proven in court.

The disbeliever was fully shared in by women. Especially so was this the case in the

FANTASTIC PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS like the red flag processions of regiments with torches that attempted at night to enter the magnificent new Board of Trade when the dedication festivities of the institution had for the time being transformed the huge building into a scene of social brilliance without a local precedent. The repulsive, blaspheming intruders of both sexes were sternly forced back at the muzzles of three dozen police revolvers. In affairs like this the dusky wife of Parsons and other no less desperate women seemed in their proper element. Of the many queer outbreaks preceding the Haymarket tragedy, the most startling at the time, perhaps, was the parade Thanksgiving day, when in ridicule of President Cleveland's proclamation nearly a thousand uncouth men and women of the slums, headed by banners of black and red, traversed the choice residence avenue, wildly yelling and scoffing at the well-dressed people who crowded to the windows, anxious to learn the cause of tumult.

The city authorities affected for some reason to ignore all ebullitions of the mob. As a result of this

OFFICIAL INDIFFERENCE, when the time came at last for the eight-hour labor disturbances and the simultaneous inauguration of the secretly cherished "revolution," the anarchists were a power indeed, and the police were ignorant of danger. It is true that the Chicago papers contained timely intimations of the plots, but owing to the peculiar attitude of the high municipal authorities, the articles were treated as rank sensationalism.

Just one day before the time set for the strikes Louis Lingg, the bomb maker, slipped into his lodgings a heavy, suspicious-looking box, three feet in length. The box contained a large invoice of dynamite. Its delivery at Lingg's lodgings was the first immediate preparation for

THE BLOODY RESULT. For many weeks previous Lingg had been purchasing and experimenting with dynamite as the paid agent of one of the seven International "groups," but subsequent events showed beyond any reasonable doubt that this particular explosive made the bomb that was heard round the world. The bomb, with fifty others manufactured by Lingg under the auspices of the International Association, which furnished the money, and of which the celebrated defendants were not members simply but leaders.

Next day, May 1, the eight-hour strikes began in earnest, and by nightfall when the first intelligent estimates were obtainable, 30,000 men walked the streets idle. Promptly in the morning, Sunday, when the churches throughout the city were resounding with swelling hosannas, the stuffy little Bohemian hall on Emma street was crowded with members of

THE LEHR AND WEHR VERKIN, an inner circle of the omnipresent International. Detailed plans for the near-at-hand conflict with the police were submitted by Editor Engel and listened to by Spies' lieutenant, Fischer. These plans were the ones followed almost to the letter at the Haymarket, but the decision to do so was not reached at this meeting. Instead it was determined to take action at another gathering of the Lehr and Wehr in a large hall and more central location, to be assembled within twenty-four hours. This was to be in Greif's Hall, Monday night, May 3.

The Arbeiter Zeitung, of which Spies and Schwab were the editors and managers, called together the armed men who were to engage in this

SPECIFIC COMPACT TO MURDER. The Sunday evening edition, published a few hours after the Bohemian Hall meeting, contained this cabalistic legend: "Y-Komme Montag Abend." (Y-Come Monday night.) This was the summons to the armed sections to meet, as they did, Monday night at Greif's.

The call was published again Monday afternoon, indicating the importance of the matters to come before the meeting. The Sunday issue of the Arbeiter had a significant article, urging "quick and immediate action," adding: "By Monday or Tuesday the conflict must have reached its highest intensity, else success will then be doubtful." Almost before the ink on this could dry, Spies was at the Sunday afternoon meeting of the Central Labor Union, arranging to have himself dispatched to McCormick's factory the following day to address the thousands of strikers out along the old Black road.

From the top of a freight car, on the prairie near McCormick's, next afternoon—Monday—Spies belched into the ears of 12,000 excited strikers, mostly foreigners, the hottest harangue ever uttered by him in public. He spoke in the German language, of which he is more master even than of English. The effect of his words was like magic.

"ON TO MCCORMICK'S!" was the cry. The maddened herd, urged forward by Spies, Lingg and other daring anarchists present, rushed at the great factory like so many wild beasts. They had caught up bowlders and clubs on the way, and in an instant the thousand windows of the factory were being shattered in countless fragments. Then it was that patrol-wagons, loaded with police, the horses covered with foam, dashed through the crowd from behind. It is admitted by Spies that he ordered the mob, many of whom were flourishing revolvers, to resist the attempt of the police to quell the riot. Of course the victors were the police, but that to Spies, according to his own accounts, was not of main concern. The blood of workmen had been drawn, and when he satisfied himself that such a result was produced, the anarchist leader coolly withdrew, though the battle was at its height.

Taking a streetcar direct to the Arbeiter Zeitung office, Spies, after a hurried consultation with Schwab, Neebe and others, decided to call the Haymarket mass-meeting, and then wrote THE INFAMOUS "REVENGE CIRCULAR." Twenty-five hundred copies were issued as quickly as printers could work, and everything was now ripe for the murder-compact meeting that night in Greif's basement, the same that had been called by the Arbeiter Zeitung that day and the day before. In this connection the exact wording of the circular, especially the latter portion, foreshadowing the slaughter

of the morning, the fatal 4th of May, possesses peculiar interest. Spies wrote: "REVENGE! REVENGE!"

"Workmen, to Arms!"

"Men of labor, this afternoon the blood-hounds of your oppressors murdered six of your brothers at McCormick's. Why did they murder them? Because they dared to be dissatisfied with the lot which your oppressors have assigned to them. They demanded bread and they gave them lead for an answer, mindful of the fact that thus people are most effectively silenced. You have for many, many years endured every humiliation without protest; have dragged from early in the morning till late at night, have suffered all sorts of privations, have even sacrificed your children. You have done everything to all the coffers of your masters—everything for them; and now, when you approach them and implore them to make your burden a little lighter, as a reward for your sacrifices they send their bloodhounds—the police—at you in order to cure you, with bullets, of your dissatisfaction. Slaves, we ask and conjure you, by all that is sacred and dear to you, avenge the atrocious murder which has been committed on your brothers to-day, and which will likely be committed on you to-morrow. Laboring men, Hercules, you have arrived at the crossway. Which way will you take? For slavery and hunger or for freedom and bread? If you decide for the latter, then do not delay a moment; then, people, to arms! This must be your motto. Think of the heroes whose blood has fertilized the road to progress, liberty and humanity, and to strive and become worthy of them. YOUR BROTHERS."

Neebe and other notables of the A. A. took horses, and in person scattered the circular broadcast, not failing to leave copies with the rank and file of the International "armed sections" gathering in Greif's hall, 54 West Lake street. That the circular gave the impulse to the action of the armed sections at this Monday night meeting, and inspired the adoption of

THE PLAN OF BOMB-THROWING agreed upon, is apparent from the fact that its contents were first fully discussed. Then the complete detailed plan of the particular method of inaugurating the wholesale murder for which they originally organized was formally considered and adopted, the time for the slaughter being left for the Arbeiter Zeitung to designate by publishing the signal word "ruhe" (peace). This latter feature was the work of Adolph Fischer, who had come to the meeting straight from the Arbeiter Zeitung where he had been assisting Spies and Schwab. That Fischer was carrying out the plans of his superiors appears more clearly from the circumstances that it was he who MANEUVERED THE "ARMED SECTIONS" out of their idea of holding the Haymarket meeting in the morning instead of at night, as Spies and the other leaders had decided.

A darker picture is not to be found in history than this spectacle of four-score murderous conspirators in the wretched saloon basement, remorselessly plotting the massacre that occurred not a hundred yards distant, before another midnight passed. Rudolph Schaubelt, the thrower of the Haymarket bomb, was among the eighty or more assassins who composed this horrible meeting. Though adjournment did not come till long after 11, it was not 7 o'clock next morning, Tuesday, when Louis Lingg, a member of this identical "armed section," opened the chest of dynamite that had lain untouched in his lodgings since four days before. Under his expert directions six of the men who attended the murder meeting of the previous night quickly set to work then and there filling globular shells with dynamite.

Early as was the hour, Fischer was also at work getting out handbills calling the Haymarket mass-meeting. The handbill's last words were: "Workmen, arm yourselves and appear in full force!" What Spies, Schwab and the other leaders were doing that day may be partly inferred from the

BURNING APPEALS FOR RESISTANCE and calls "To Arms!" that appeared in their newspaper organs that evening. "Ruhe," penned by Spies' own hand, started out of the Arbeiter Zeitung. After the papers were off and their editors had swallowed a hasty supper, it is known that Spies, Parsons, Schwab, Fischer and other ruling spirits, mostly members of the self-same "armed sections" that held the Greif's Hall convocation, went into close session at the international headquarters in the Arbeiter Zeitung building, where reports by messenger and telephone were received as the moments sped.

Lingg's crew of bomb makers were still assiduously at work. For some reason he himself was unable to remain with them all the time, and the evening found him cursing their slow progress. It was sometime after 7:30 p. m.—the hour mentioned for the Haymarket meeting to begin—when Lingg put into a little trunk what bombs were ready—some fifty or sixty—and started with his burden for the appointed rendezvous, an anarchist's saloon near by, known as Neff's hall, 55 Clybourn avenue. He was met on the way by a messenger who had come to hurry him along. The trunk was left open in a passage-way of the saloon, and without more ado men began dropping in quietly, alone or in couples,

POCKETING A BOMB OR TWO each, and vanishing into the darkness. This celerity may have somewhat mollified Lingg, but his delay was not the only stumbling block of the reds.

Twenty-five thousand people, the anarchist leaders estimated, would be gathered together in the Haymarket. This was not an extravagant estimate, when 12,000 had been so easily massed near McCormick's. But fear of further rioting kept pretty much everybody at home except about 2000 men, nearly all of them unmistakably anarchists. Undoubtedly the smallness of the crowd made the anarchist leaders pause. "The social revolution" backed by a mob of workmen 25,000 strong had changed to a prospective fight between anarchists alone on one side and the police in force on the other. It was evident to the most casual spectator in the Haymarket that a hitch existed somewhere, and apparently the meeting's managers were all completely at sea.

The great dim-lighted square was a decidedly uneasy scene with its scattered groups of gesticulating, trampish-looking occupants lining the sidewalks and pouring in and out of the rickety surrounding saloons. The Arbeiter Zeitung conference of leaders had been a prolonged one, and when at last Spies, Parsons, Fielden and the rest reached the Haymarket square they seemed

BENT ON A WAITING GAME. It will probably never be known whether the evident hesitancy was caused by the delay of Lingg's confederates, a proposed abandonment of the outbreak, or the hope that the police would attack and attempt

to disperse the dangerous-looking crowd before the speaking should begin, thus relieving the leaders from appearing to incite riot.

Finally, an hour and a half late, Spies, Parsons and Fielden addressed the crowd, in the order named, using a wagon for their rostrum. The first two, in comparison with their usual harangues, were tame as a pair of doves. Gradually the crowd thinned out. No police interfered, and the chance the "reds" had waited months for was nearly gone. The meeting would be a laughing-stock to the public, the leaders would be discredited by even their own ilk, and

THE RUHE-SIGNAL would mean not the "social revolution" begun, but the International Association collapsed.

Fielden was worthy the occasion. He had been in the background on the wagon with Schaubelt, the bomb-thrower, Spies and other directing minds, who saw plainly that something must be done, and quickly. Therefore, when his turn came, Fielden stepped boldly to the front, discharging all pretense of mildness. He electrified the rabble as he spoke, crossed his arms, and stepped forward in the narrow shadowy confines of Des plaines street, into which they had come from the open square, and pressed eagerly closer to the flickering gas-lamp that lighted the speaker's shaggy bearded face and powerful form. When he tragically urged the wrought-up mob, standing in plain view of a police station, to "throttle and kill the law," the disguised officers in the crowd saw the necessity of PROMPT ACTION, and word was passed to their commander.

Captain Bonfield, following the plain directions of the state law covering exactly such cases, gave orders to have the meeting dispersed. Seven companies of police, 175 men, led by himself and Captain Ward, marched in platoons, expelling from curb to curb, the riotous distance on Desplaines street from the station to the speaker's wagon. As the police approached, Fielden shouted to the crowd: "Here come the blood-hounds. You do your duty, and I'll do mine." Captain Ward, in a loud voice, called out: "In the name of the people of the state of Illinois, I command you to peaceably disperse." Fielden, stepping down from the wagon, gave the "ruhe" exclamation: "We are peaceable." Instantly the bomb was thrown, the first in free America.

A spluttering spark in the air, on the ground a blinding burst—that was all. Blackness was everywhere. The pygmy cracking of the pistol shots out from the mob jammed sidewalks, a few tall forms in the street rapidly closing together, the flash and smoke of volley after volley from them and the rear platoons, then the dim became hideous with the growling of the mangled men, and the yells of rage and fear in the wild scramble for escape.

THE SEQUEL has stretched out to to-day. Foremost it includes the death of seven bomb-throwers, and the slow recovery of sixty officers wounded. The immediate arrest of all the chief misfactors, barring Parsons alone, was followed by their prompt arraignment for murder June 21, before Judge Joseph E. Gary, who proved himself as able as he is worthy. The escape of Schaubelt, the actual thrower of the bomb, who was set free before his importance had been suspected, was a blunder only equalled by the mistake on the opposite side when Parsons made his sensational voluntary surrender.

TWO MONTHS PRECISELY was the length of the trial, engrossing from day to day the attention of the civilized world. Whatever legal talent could do was exhausted by the defense under the direction of Captain Black, while State's Attorney Grinnell directed the prosecution with a skill reaching every point.

Death sentences for all but Nebe, and the penitentiary for him; the tour of American cities by the European Socialists, Leibknecht, the German parliamentarian, and Aveling, the English scientist, in an attempt to give prestige to the condemned and gain sympathy for them; the effort to make sentimentalism have an effect through the ostentatious love-making of Spies and Miss Van Zandt and their subsequent proxy marriage—all these followed each other in rapid succession. Next came the introduction of the anarchists' cause as an issue in Chicago politics, resulting in the crushing

DEFEAT OF THE RED FLAG advocates. Abraham Lincoln, ex-partner, Leonard Swift, presenting the defendants' case to the Supreme court of Illinois created a new sensation, but his efforts were no more effective than the subsequent ones for the "reds" by Butler, Royce Fryer and J. Randolph Tucker before the highest court of the nation. George Francis Train and his queer exploits were in singular contrast with the grave legal proceedings and the bitter struggles in the trades unions.

The splits caused by the friends of the condemned in two of the greatest brotherhoods in the world—Knights of Labor and Turners—have had far-reaching effects, but the attention of the people at large has been much more strongly arrested by the events of the past few days. Beginning with Parsons' extraordinary demand for liberty complete or death, and Spies' equally surprising appeal for a little lease of life, everything seems to have combined, if possible, to make this period exceed in world-wide interest the days of the Haymarket massacre.

"I Would That I Were Dead!" Cries many a wretched housewife to-day, as, weary and disheartened, she forces herself to perform her daily task. "It doesn't seem as if I could get through the day. This dreadful headache, these frightful dragging-down sensations, will kill me! Is there no relief?" Yes, madame, there is. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is an unfailing remedy for the complaints to which your sex is liable. It will restore you to health again. Try it. All druggists.

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I was then induced to try them further, as my wife had what we termed dry scale tetter, or psoriasis, for nearly fifteen years, and I tried everything I could get hold of, and asked the advice of the most eminent of the profession, but all in vain. It was a lot over her body, and all over her head and face. She used but one bottle of the RESOLVENT, two boxes of the CUTICURA, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and in one week from the time she began their use I could see a change for the better. It is now healing on. She has since stopped using the CUTICURA REMEDIES and there is no return. I pronounce her entirely cured. No one, no doctor who has the "cure" and those who are constantly about diseased patients, can realize the torture in which they are pained.

I have recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to all whom I have met that were in any way in need of a skin cure. One man to whom I recommended them had suffered for over twelve years, and that time spent nearly five hundred dollars to be cured; but nothing helped, and now after the use of five bottles of the CUTICURA, RESOLVENT and several boxes of CUTICURA SOAP, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, he is in perfect health and a cure. I have others at present under treatment, and with good prospects. In regard to my knowledge, have the CUTICURA REMEDIES failed.

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LEGAL. Citation. THE STATE OF TEXAS.—To the sheriff or any constable of Tarrant county, greeting: You are hereby commanded that you cause the following notice, in words and figures, as follows, to be read to all parties interested in the above entitled cause: Notice is hereby given that William Wetheroth, plaintiff, has filed interrogatories in the above entitled and numbered cause, to Annie Drawatt, Victor Hatter, Joseph Schenholz, Edward Drawatt and William Bone, witnesses who reside in the city of St. Louis, state of Missouri, and E. H. Keller and Geo. B. Hendrick, witnesses, who reside in the city of Fort Worth, state of Texas, the answers to which will be read in evidence on the trial of said cause; and has also filed an affidavit in said suit that the defendant, William Wetheroth, resides beyond the jurisdiction of the court, so that notice and copy of the interrogatories cannot be served on him, and that he has no attorney of record upon which the answers can be served; and that a commission will issue on or after the thirtieth day after the publication of this notice to take the depositions of said witnesses.

Witness, L. R. TAYLOR, clerk of the District court of Tarrant county, Texas. Given under my hand and the seal of said court at office, in the city of Fort Worth, Texas, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1887.

L. R. TAYLOR, Clerk District Court, Tarrant county, Tex. To be published in some newspaper for thirty days, and of this present, and how you have executed the same, make due return. Witness, L. R. TAYLOR, clerk of the District Court of Tarrant county, Texas. Given under my hand and the seal of said court at office, in the city of Fort Worth, Texas, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1887.

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